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MARVEL®
1st June 91

THE REAL

NO155 55p

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GHSTBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404

22



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We lift the lid on some really ghastly goings-on this week in **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic. Unfortunately, the problem seems to be getting on top of our heroes, rather than the other way around! Find out the 'hole' story in **Winston's Diary!**

It's definitely a case of the butler doing it in **Upscares, Downscars!** The Real Ghostbusters know it's best to deal with these (stair)cases one step at a time, but the trouble just keeps on escalating, while the staff are revolting in both senses of the word!

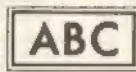
Then there's part one of a story that's definitely not for any cowardly landlubbers out there! It's a tale that's set to shiver your timbers called **The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea!**

We're expecting a huge response to our **Swizzels-Matlow** competition this week. There's the chance to win enough sweeties to last you a whole year!

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** and **JOHN BURNS**
Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



**PETER
VENKMAN**



**EGON
SPENGLER**



**RAY
STANTZ**



**WINSTON
ZEDDMORE**



**JANINE
MELNITZ**



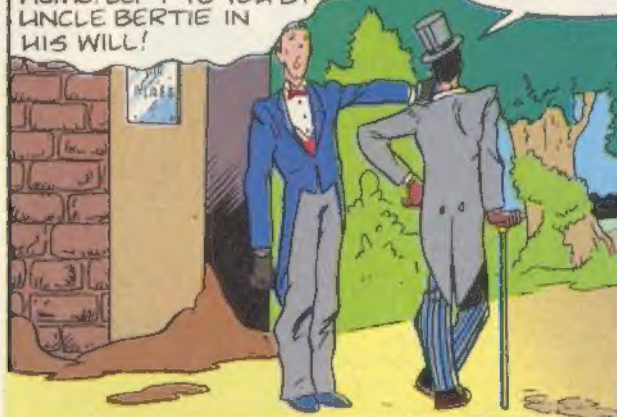
SLIMER

THE REAL STBUSTERS

BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND...

HERE YOU ARE LORD PONSINGTON, YOUR NEW HOME. LEFT TO YOU BY UNCLE BERTIE IN HIS WILL!

DASHED FUNNY! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE OLD BLIGHTER HATED ME!



**LIPSCARES
DOWNSCARES!**



ARE THERE ANY SERVANTS BESIDES YOU, MORGUE?

THE SERVANTS COME WITH THE HOUSE M'LORD.



RIPPING GARDENS, WHAT?

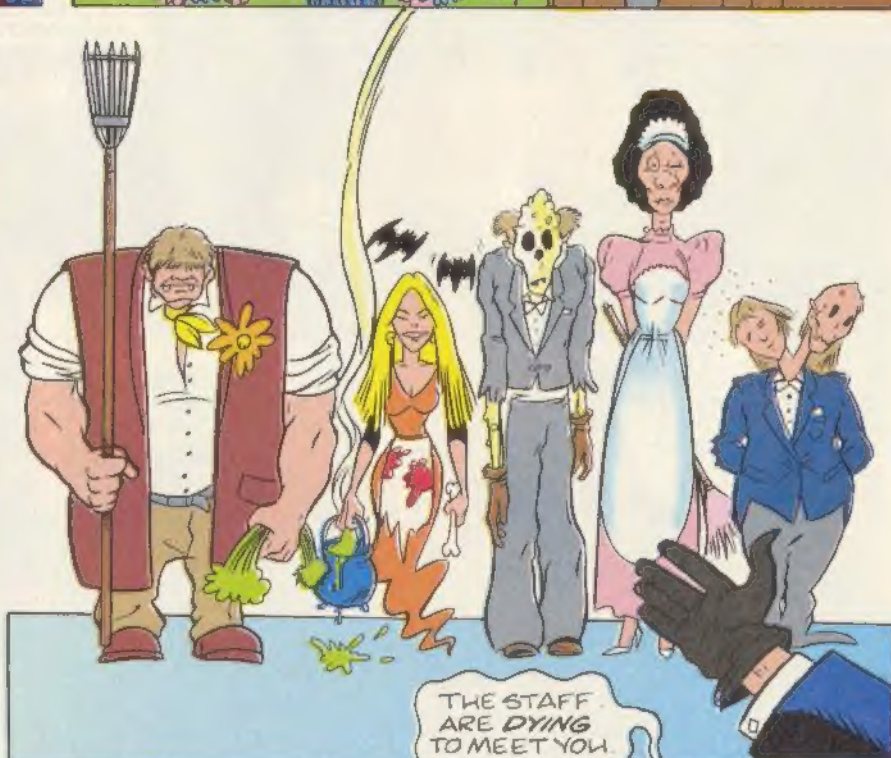


ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU THE HOUSE, SIR.



ERR... WHERE HAVE YOU GOT TO, MORGUE?

IN, HERE, SIR.



THE STAFF ARE DYING TO MEET YOU.



YOIKS! I'D BETTER GIVE THOSE GHOST-BIFFING CHAPPIES A TINKLE!

NEW YORK, NEXT DAY...

SO THE WHOLE BALLY SHOW IS A RIGHT RUM OLD DO FROM SOUP TO NUTS!

ERR... WHAT'S HE SAYING, EGON?



I BELIEVE, PETER, IT LOOSELY TRANSLATES AS: "HELP!"

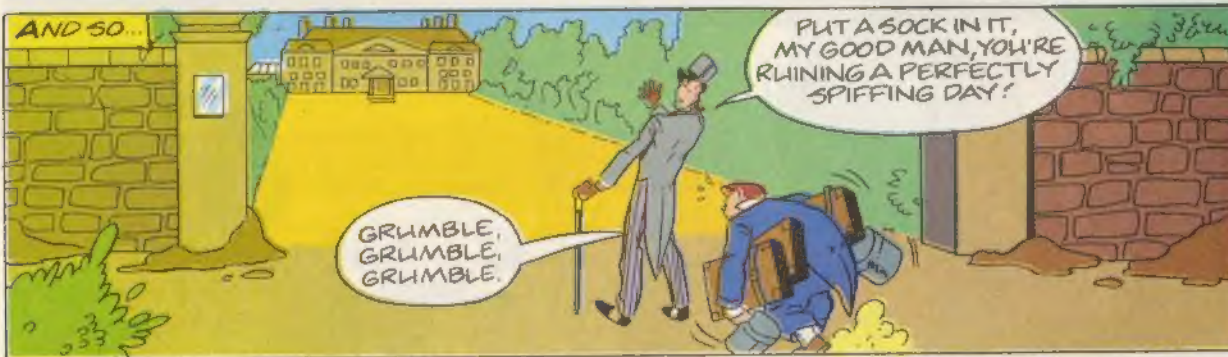


BUT SO AS NOT TO AROUSE THESE GHOSTLY BLIGHTERS' SUSPICIONS, YOU HAD BETTER ARRIVE AT THE MANSION PRE-TENDING TO BE MY FRIENDS!



TWO OF YOU CAN PRETEND TO BE LORDS, AND THE OTHER TWO CAN BE SERVANTS!

WE'D BETTER TOSS A COIN!



AND SO...

PUT A SOCK IN IT, MY GOOD MAN, YOU'RE RUINING A PERFECTLY SPIFFING DAY!

GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE.



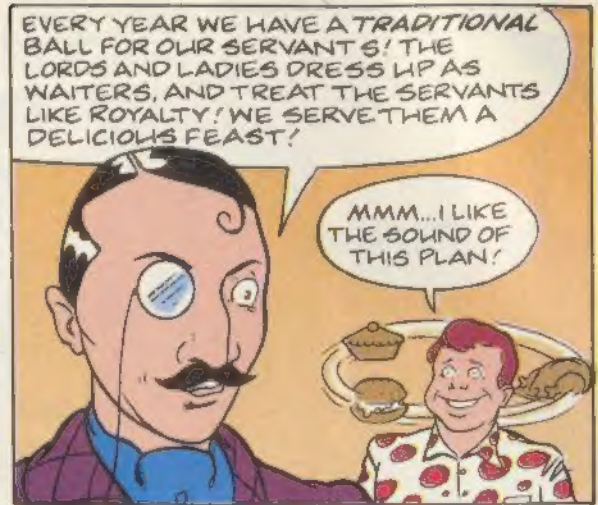
AH, MY AMERICAN COUSINS! HOW ABSOLUTELY PEACHY TO SEE YOU! FANCY BAGGING A FEW PHEASANTS BEFORE LUNCH!

SURE, UH... DID ANYONE BRING ANY BAGS?

MAYBE WE COULD PUT THEM IN THESE CASES...

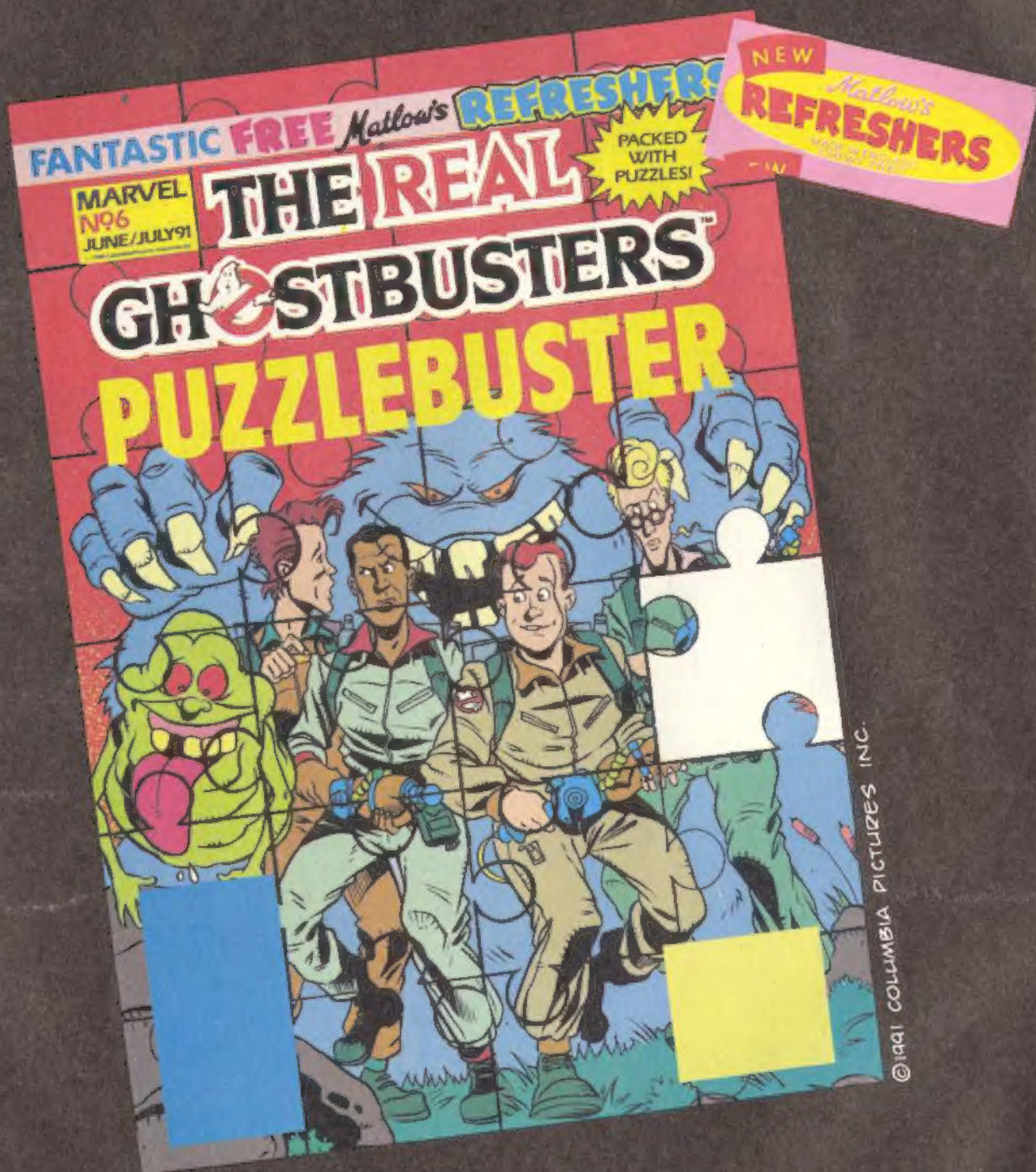
BAGGING PHEASANTS MEANS SHOOTING THEM, PETER! I'M SORRY, SIR - THE GHOSTBUSTERS NEVER SHOOT ANYTHING THAT ISN'T ALREADY DEAD!







A **FREE** *Matlow's* STRAWBERRY REFRESHER!



ON SALE NOW FROM **MARVEL**™

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



Pinkney Crossthwaite of Burpup Hall, Fantingdon, wrote in to ask if it was possible that his butler, Joves, was actually a ghost. Joves has, apparently, been serving the family since 1711, so unless he comes from a particularly hardy tribe of Tibetan gurus, or injects himself with extract of pituitary glands, I'd say yes. Check your attic for pictures of him that look older than he does.

Pinkney highlights a ghostly phenomenon that is actually quite common. In the older, more distinguished households of the Upper Classes worldwide, it is possible that particularly loyal family retainers will remain in service for some time after their death. Major Johnny 'Whoops' Fothering-Lagonda told me about his butler, Juves, who died some eyars ago and whose cremated remains, in honour of his loyal service, were placed in an urn mounted on a memorial carriage clock in the parlour. Every hour on the hour, since then, his ghost has appeared to the Major and said 'I rang, m'lord.'

From Cornset comes the story of Lady Arkweld's cook, a loving and caring

PART 155

member of the household staff who passed away several years before her ladyship noticed. When it was brought to her attention, she remarked 'I did wonder why the soup was always so cold and everybody looked at her in a funny way. You know. Like this.'

Anyway, if you think your household staff may be in any way spectral, here are a few easy-to-spot points to look for:

- 1) They appear before you ring for them.
- 2) They float.
- 3) They say things like 'Will your lordship/ladyship be manifesting in the dining room for supper?'
- 4) They still seem to be

around for service after a) they've been fired, b) they've been shot, or c) the house has burned down.

Lord Hulme of Tabbitscott noticed that his stable-boy was a ghost straight away when he saw the lad was able to ride horses out of the stable without opening the top of the half-and-half doors. Others are more difficult to spot. Lady Minus-Poynts of Crestbuck House, Rotaryshire was served for many years by a demon in the guise of a housemaid. It was only when the girl complained of housemaid's knee in all nine of her legs that her ladyship noticed. She later had the house exorcised and her eyes tested.

Most alarming of all was the vampire that worked as a butler in Cloningdale Hall for some years. Lord Hailstorm only noticed that something was amiss when his dinner party guests started to go missing after suppers at the Hall. Swiftly, he summoned his butler to his room. 'What would his lordship like for dinner?' asked the undead retainer. 'Stake,' replied Lord Hailstorm.

You just can't get the staff these days, can you?

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Thursday, 23rd May 1991

Until today, I was of the firm belief that vegetables were pretty healthy. My cousin Melvin has been a vegetarian for many years now, and he's about the healthiest person I know. I was, therefore, a little taken aback when I was nearly savaged by a potato on 71st Street this morning. Admittedly, the potato was larger than usual and had a surprising number of arms, legs and sharp pointy teeth. I say surprising, in as much as they numbered two, two and lots respectively. I'm kind of used to the number of these things on a potato being zero or less.

The little spud (and I use Peter's favourite phrase advisedly) was pretty fast on its feet (yup, it had those too) and had a bite like a mastiff with an attitude problem. Luckily, Ray, who was with me, was thinking pretty fast, and managed to get a nearby traffic cone into its mouth before my shin ended up there first. The potato, who was obviously in search of a plastic-free meal, spat the shredded cone out and ran off before we could react further.

Ray and I were in the middle of a conversation that involved the words 'potato' and 'incredible' in equal measures, when Egon and Peter turned up looking flustered.

'Potato?' I asked.

Peter looked at me strangely as if I had just called him a name.

'Lettuce,' said Egon, who seemed to know what I was talking about. 'One with legs and teeth just tried to mug us.'

'A lettuce?' asked Ray. 'On its own?'

'It had help,' Peter said. 'There were these two carrots with it. They looked like they'd grown up in a rough neighbourhood. Their leaves were cut into mohicans and I'm pretty certain one had a switchblade.'

'But the lettuce was the ring leader, right?' Ray said.

'Are you taking us seriously?' Peter snapped.

'We will, if you take our potato seriously,' I told him. Taking any part of our conversation seriously took a back

seat for a moment as we heard cries of terror from down the street. We sprinted up 71st in time to witness a scene of utter devastation. Two surly, tattooed aubergines were hassling the shoppers at the mini market and throwing bricks through the storefront windows. A cucumber in a leather jacket was riding a road-hog motorbike up on the pavements and making people leap aside out of its path. The cucumber was laughing nastily as it did so. I've never heard a cuc laugh before, and I never want to again. Several spring onions wearing baseball caps on backwards and trainers with the tongues out, were spraying graffiti on the walls. The blurb read 'Veg Lib' and 'Veggie Street Kids Are The Meanest On The Block'.

'Vegetable delinquents' said Egon, as if he saw this sort of thing every day. Ray was scanning with the PKE. 'Definitely hot,' he reported. 'These monster veggies are supernatural in origin.'

'You know what that means, don't you?' I asked, unslinging my Proton Gun.

'Uh huh,' said Peter, doing the same. 'Let's make like a vegematic.'

After a brief but sappy interlude, which I shall not document in case there are any carnivores in the audience, we were left with a whole lot of people to calm down and a big helping of mixed salad. There was also a spring onion which had surrendered and which Egon thought we should leave un-busted in order to extract information from it.

'Leave it to me,' I told them, and stepped forward to face the nervous veg-thug, buster-boot to sneaker-tip. I fixed him with my most righteous mean look. 'Yo, home boy. What colours are you running with, bro? Who calls the action on this block, you dig?'

The spring onion began the shoulder-churning on-the-spot jive of a cornered street punk. He answered in a sad voice. 'Chill out, dude. Wha's happenin'? I don't know nothing about no colours gang here, bro.'

I uttered the words that strike fear into the heart of every vegetable. 'Vinaigrette dressing.'

'Okay, man! Okay! The colours is the Green gang, man. They are the most righteous, happenin' thing on this turf, man.'

'And where might I find this Green gang, dude?'

'They hang out in Main Drain Seventy. Can I like go now, bro?'

I looked at the onion for a moment and then jerked my thumb in the direction of Peter and said 'Check out the hook while my Dee Jay revolves it.'

'No prisoners,' said Peter. 'Into the trap, onion-breath.'



Main Drain Seventy runs under the middle of Uptown New York and is about three kilometres long. I know this because we walked it. It's a dark, dank, smelly place. We'd been down there once before, back when ol' Vigo was trying to break out of his painting in the Gallery and the City was overrun with pink ectoplasm. It hadn't changed much. I still didn't like it.

'What's the story, d'you think? I asked Egon as we squelched along.

'I hypothesise the following,' said Egon. 'It's more than likely that some of the ectoplasmic residue from the Vigo incursion is still left in these tunnels.'

'The pink stuff, right?' Ray asked.

'Right. According to my sewer map, just up ahead is the dump outlet that comes

from the old fruit and vegetable market in Midtown. What we may have here is a reaction between the ectoplasm and the vegetable scraps sluiced away from the market.'

It seemed like a good explanation. Whether it was right or not ceased to be our major concern when we came under attack from animated artichokes, onions, zombie zucchini and a squad of celery in combat gear. The battle was fierce and intense and no quarter was given.

Vegetable SWAT teams (Special Weapons And Turnips) assaulted our left flank, berserker beetroot battered at our right. Ray and Peter caught a squadron of suicide string beans in a cross fire and diced them. Egon blasted two man-eating avocados into guacamole and I shot the tips off some asparagus infantry. Together we cole-slaved the cabbages' main attack, and split the mange-tout mercenaries into ready-to-cook pieces. Side-stepping a marauding marrow, Ray fooled some radishes into Peter's trap by doubling back on himself. Egon steamed into some spinach and left it, shrivelled and defeated on the stone floor. I cornered the pumpkin who seemed to be in charge of the Green gang and sliced him into pie.

After fifteen fraught minutes the battle came to an end and we had defeated the vegetable threat to the City. None of us ever wanted to see a veggie again.

We tried to exit the sewer through a manhole on Sixth avenue, but something was pushing down from above. Through the grill in the drain cover, we could see that it was the killer spud from before.

Potato salad, anyone?



A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF

Savvy with Numbers

SWEETS OR



A year's supply of sweets? No, your eyes aren't deceiving you - it's a dream come true! Two lucky readers receive a **FREE** fabulous ball jar of **SWIZZELS MATLOW** sweeties every month for a *whole* year! All you have to do is spot the five differences between the two pictures below. When you have found all five, simply circle them with a pen or pencil and send the coupon, complete with your name and address to:

SWIZZELS MATLOW COMPETITION
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2R 3DX

Entries should arrive no later than
Friday 14th June 1991.

The first two correct entries drawn after that date will be the lucky winners. What's more, there are fifty fantastic runners-up prizes of a SWIZZELS MATLOW Swiz Kids Mug crammed full of lovely loilies. So what are you waiting for? Get searching!



RULES: The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain other than employees of Swizzels Matlow or Marvel Comics Ltd. and their families. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in due course.

Name:

Address: _____

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HAUNTED DOLL'S HOUSE

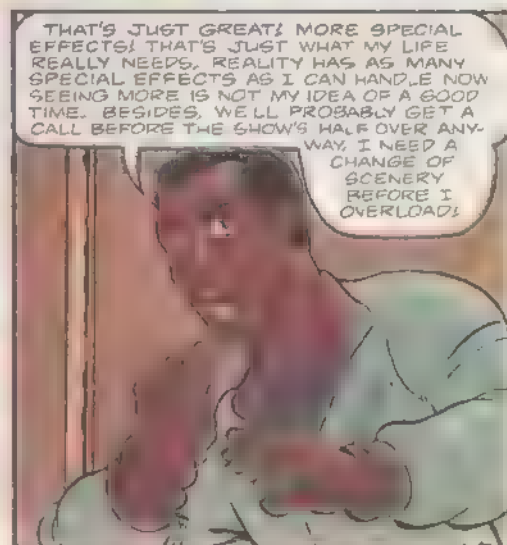
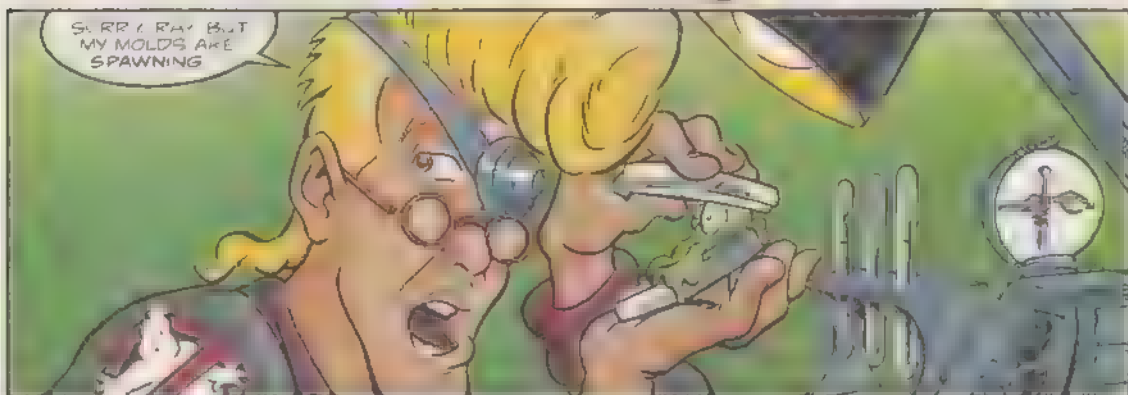
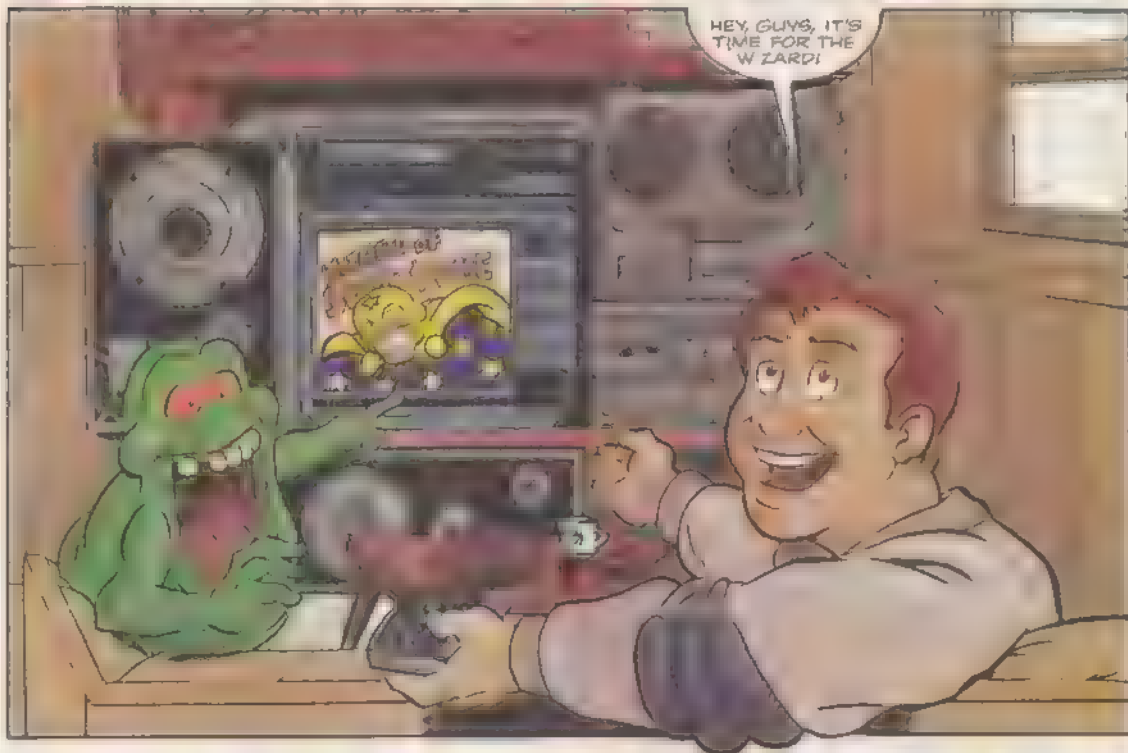
Chocolate cake, ice-cream, trifle, AND magic tricks were constantly on offer as Tommy, Lucy and Jimmy marvelled at their new home from home. Naturally, the children couldn't contain their wonderment, but tales about Teddy and Mr Wizzo's generosity seemed like harmless fun to Mummy. That is, until she realised that her offspring had indeed found 'alternative' accommodation! And so, those Ghostbusting heroes were invited along to check out the House of Phantasmal

Fun, but mainly to evacuate little Tommy, Lucy and Jimmy.

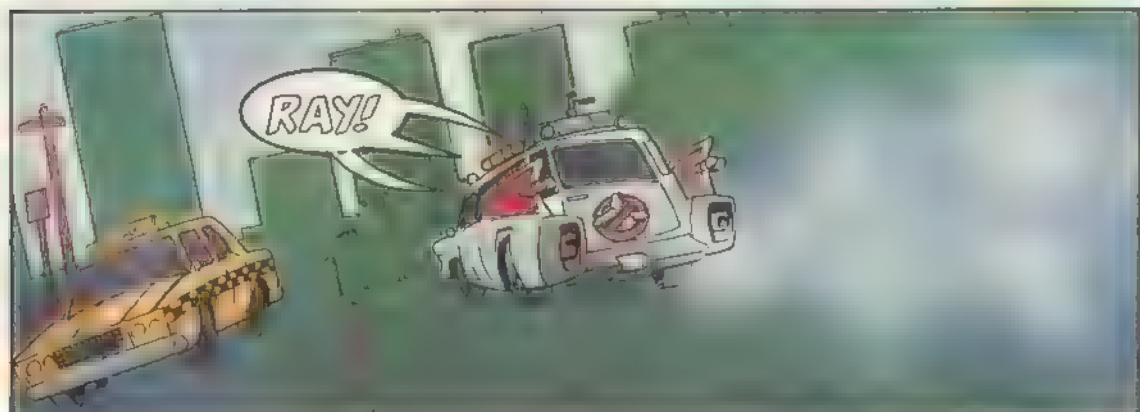
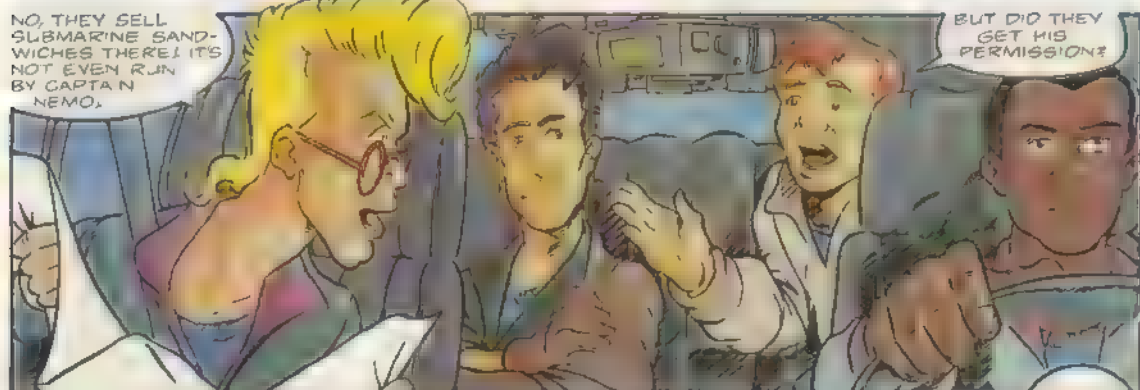
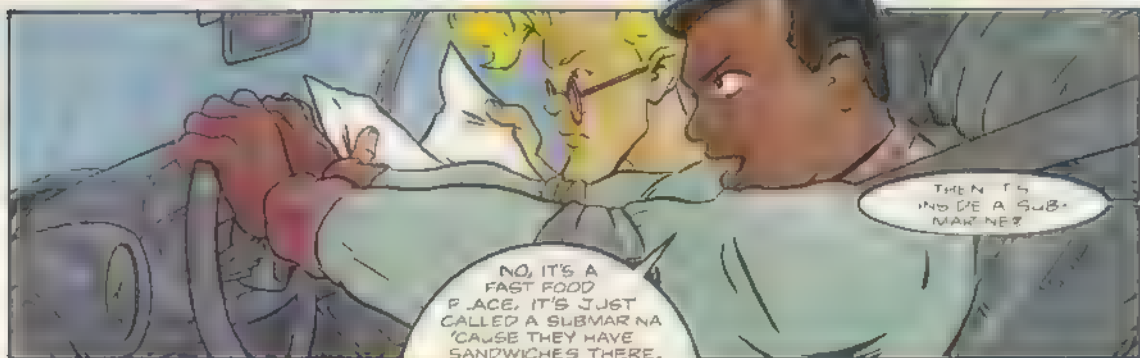
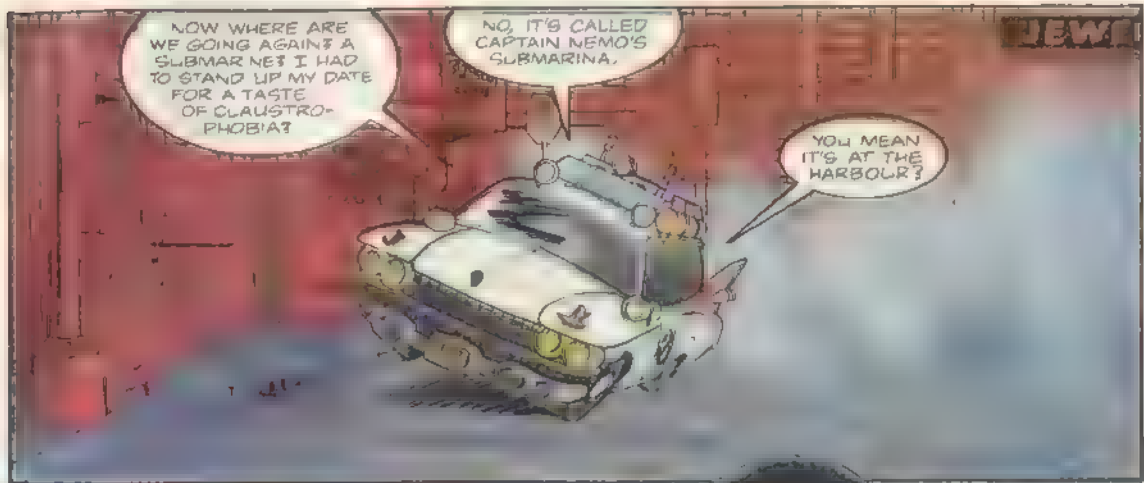
The PKE reading indicated a disturbance in the Astral Plane. This seriously affected the balance between reality and imagination, allowing the children to step into the world of fantasy with the greatest of ease. Thus, for the sake of the parents' peace of mind, the roof of the Haunted House was not only raised, but blatantly blasted. This eviction order had been well and truly carried out!

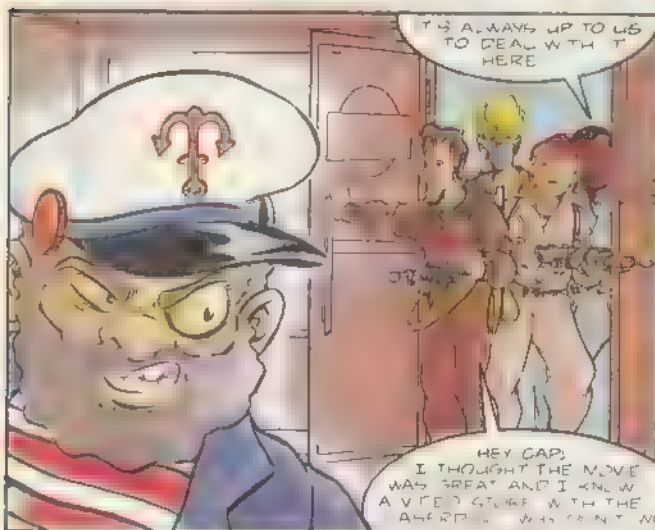
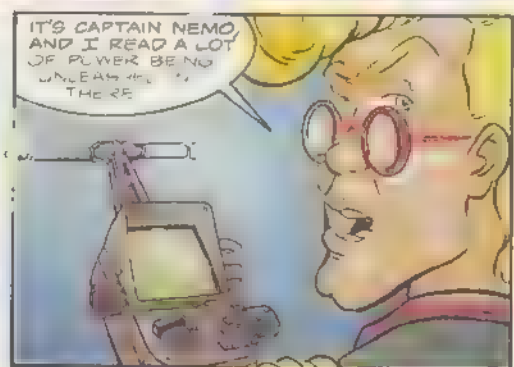
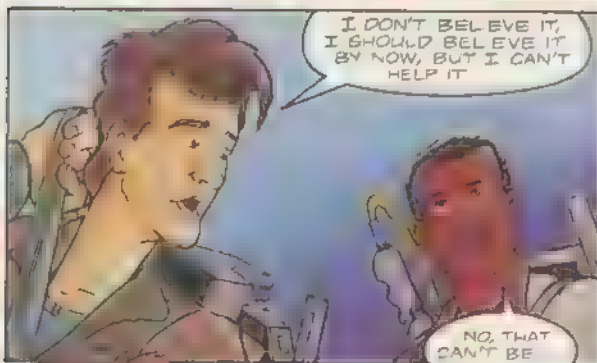


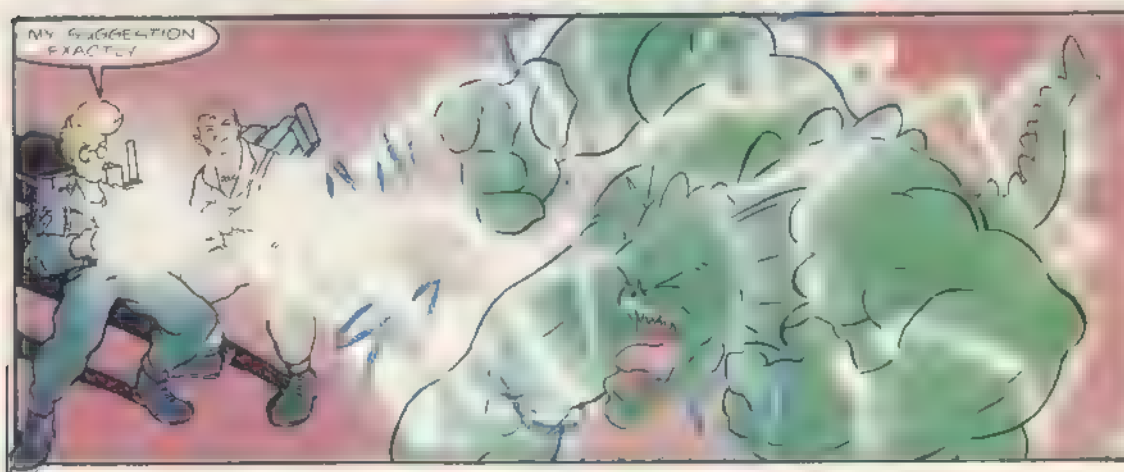
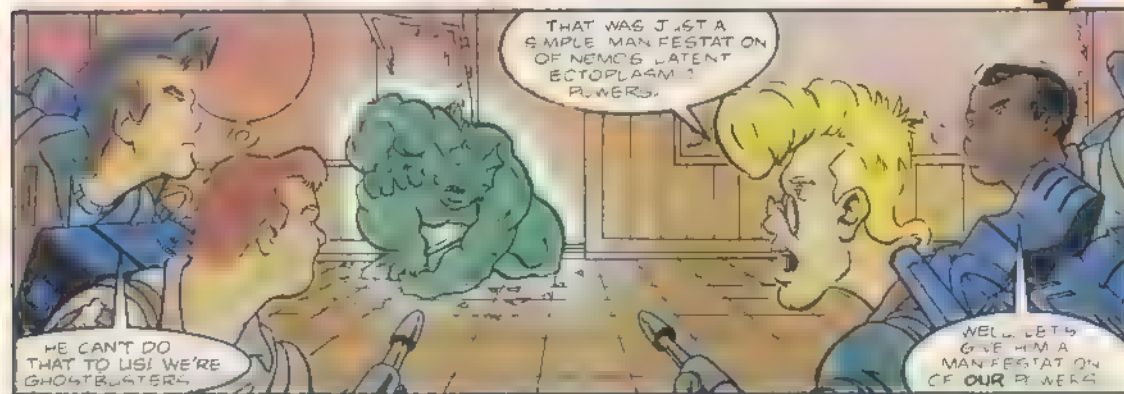
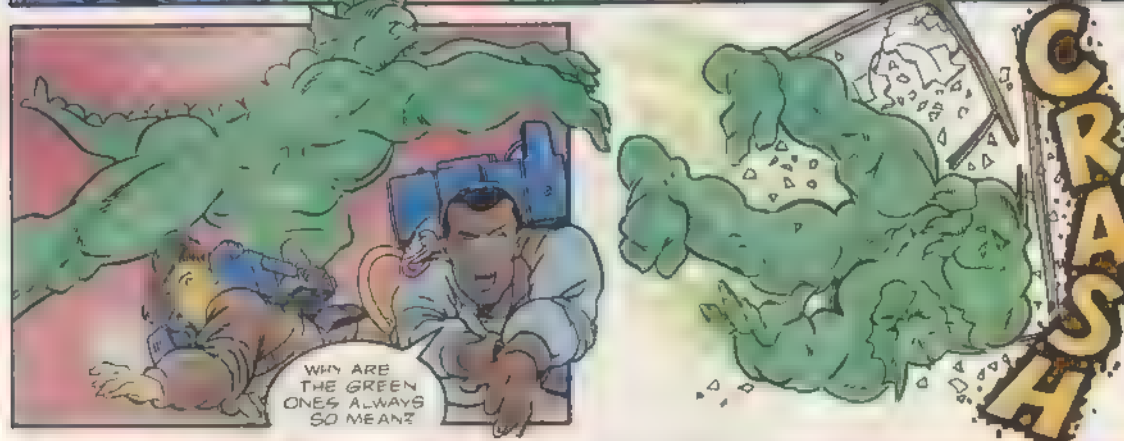
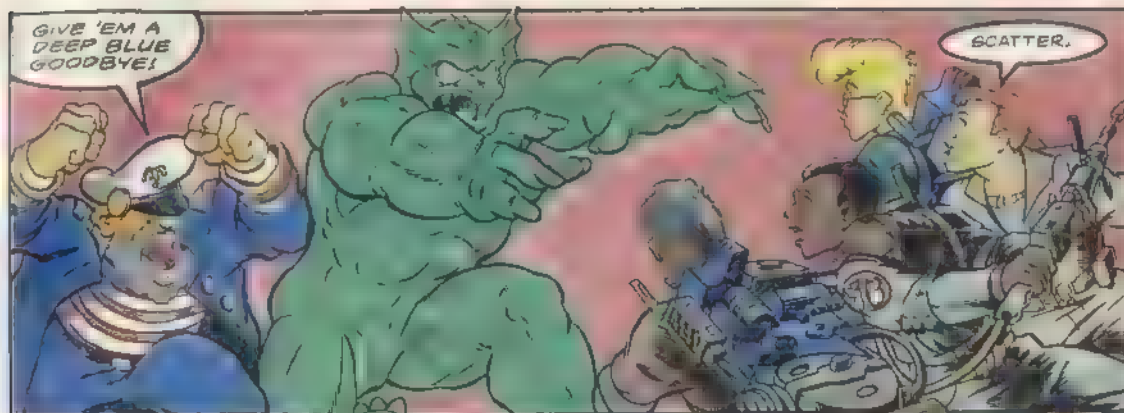
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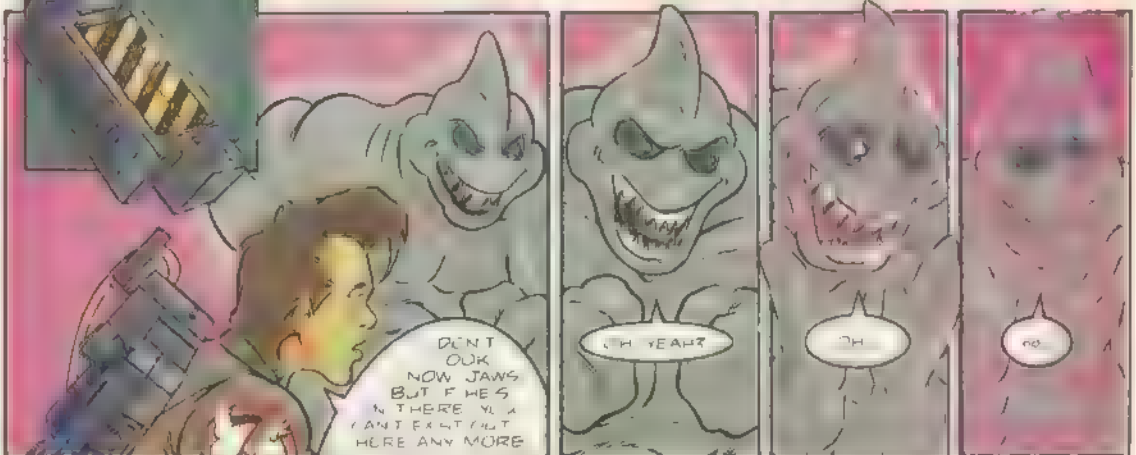
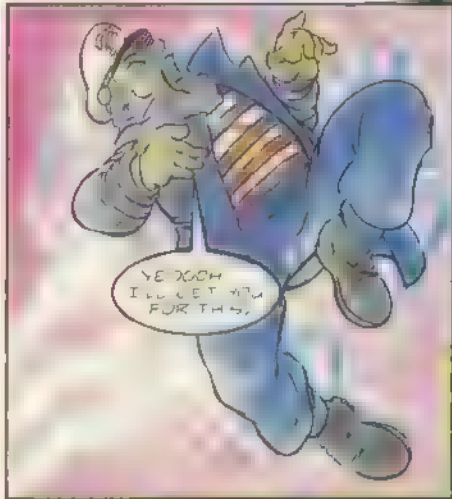
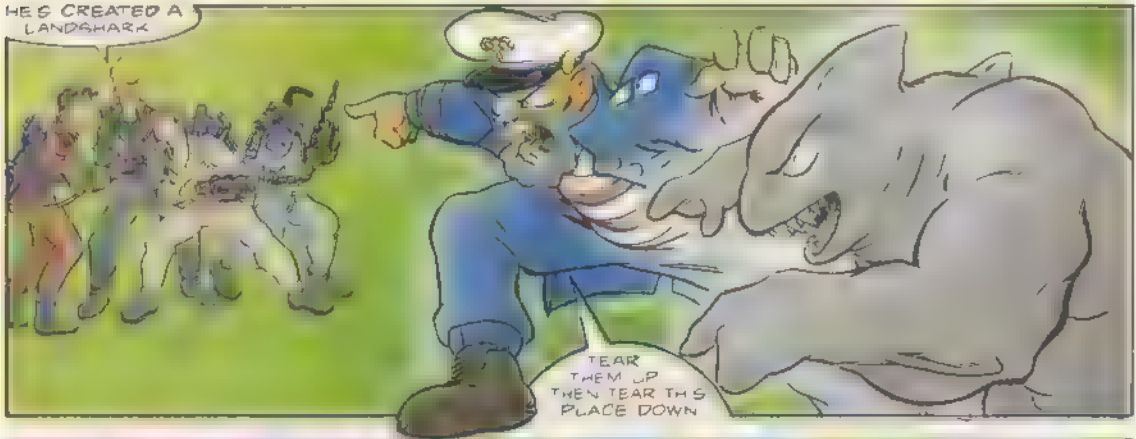


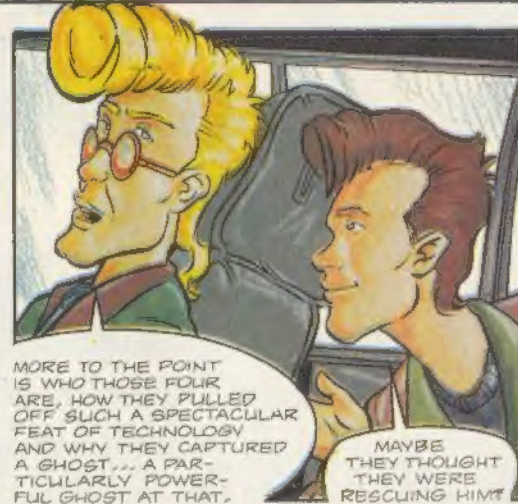
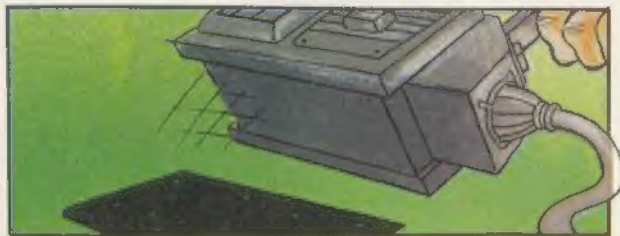






HES CREATED A LANDSHARK





THEY'RE HERE!!



HOLIDAY
SPECIAL
ON SALE
2nd MAY
FROM
MARVEL

THE

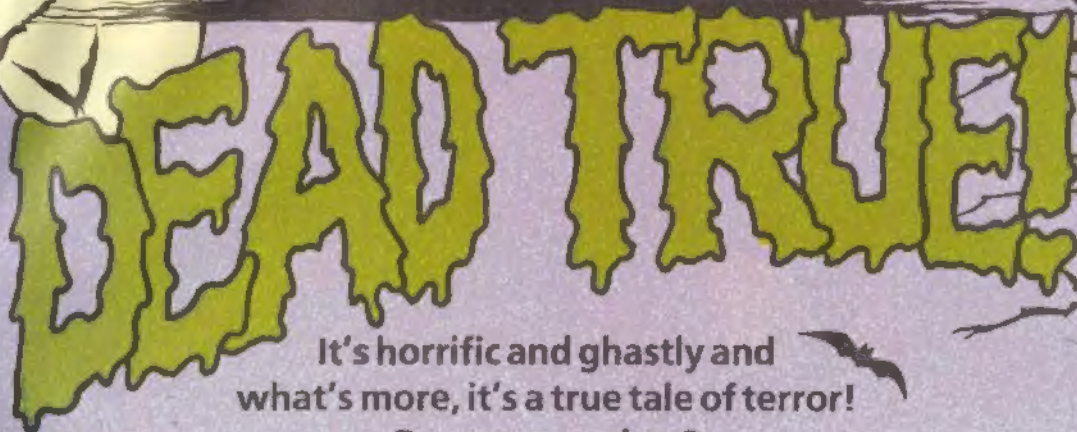
MONSTER

IN MY POCKET™

GANG!

THEY'RE NEW...THEY'RE AWESOME...THEY'RE SQUISHY...
AND THEY'RE ONE INCH TALL...AND WHAT'S MORE,
THERE'S DOZENS OF THEM!

WILL THEY SAVE HUMANITY, OR DESTROY IT?
YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!!



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



he phantom monk is probably one of the most common ghosts to haunt Britain, and typical of this kind of spook is the one at Elm Vicarage. It is believed to be the ghost of Ignatius, a monk who died there nearly eight hundred years ago, when a monastery stood on the site. At that time, the area was often at risk of being flooded, and Ignatius was one of those responsible for keeping a lookout. However, one night, Ignatius fell asleep when he was supposed to be on watch duty, and when the floodwaters rose dangerously high he failed to ring the warning bell. Several monks were drowned, and Ignatius was disgraced.

It seems that Ignatius has been doomed to haunt the monastery for ever, as punishment for his carelessness. The warning bell can be heard ringing the

night before someone in the parish dies, although Ignatius himself seems to be a freindly spirit. Mrs Bradshaw, came to know him well during the time she and her husband lived at the vicarage.

He let his presence be felt initially by wandering quietly round the building at night, and then one day he made an actual appearance, a sort of formal introduction. Mrs Bradshaw says that he would appear first as an outline, and then gradually the figure of a man in his thirties would take shape, dressed in a tatty monk's habit and sandals.

Ignatius usually appeared at sunset and once Mrs Bradshaw actually brushed past him in an upstairs corridor! The spook spoke, saying "Do be careful!" and when she asked who he was, replied "Ignatius the bell ringer".

One night, Mrs Bradshaw woke to feel some-

one's hands around her neck. She was terrified, unable to move and feeling the hands getting tighter and tighter round her throat. She could just make out a shadowy figure bending over her. Suddenly she saw Ignatius appear – he grabbed the hands and pulled them away from her. Her husband thought she had had a nightmare when she told him about the incident, but then he saw that her throat was bruised and scratched. When Mrs Bradshaw saw Ignatius again, she asked him about what had happened. He told her that her attacker had been the ghost of a man who had been murdered in the room. Saving her life appears to have helped him to complete his punishment for his past sin, for he hasn't been seen since. Let's hope he can rest in peace now.



THAT FACE RINGS A BELL!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

